

KRS-One Lyrics

"Free Mumia"

(feat. Channel Live)

Knowledge, where the people at?
Free Mumia!
Channel Live! (KRS-One, come and represent)
(The wisdom)
Hah hah hah hah hah hahaha!
Free Mumia!

Everywhere I look there's another house negro
Talkin about they people and how they should be equal
They talkin but the conversation ain't goin nowhere
You can't diss hip-hop, so don't you even go there
C. Delores Tucker, you wanna quote the scripture
Everytime you hear nigga, listen up sista

[Verse 1: Hakim, KRS, Tuffy]

I met up with this girl named Delores, a prankster
I said I MC, she said, "You're a gangster"
But she was caught up, she hit the floor like a breakdance
Wrapped her up like the arms in a b-boy stance
You have money cause I hear u get stars
She said "where you from?" I said "I was born up in the south Bronx!"
But now I reside all across america
She said "You the one who be causing all that mass hysteria.

Wisdom shall come out of the mouths of babes and sucklings
But you blinded by cultural ignorance and steady judging
But judge not, lest ye may be judged
For the judgment ye judge ye shall surely be judged, you gets no love

She said, "I like it, that's why I jock it"
Then I said, You only on my dick because I fill brotha's pockets
Cut the bullshit take me to you pad. she said, I'm gonna give you the ass cause I like the way your pants sag
Spread the legs with the otha hand she threw her kitty then I sprayed jizm like graffiti on her titty
Freestyled all night no doubt the bitch could'nt get enough cause she was strung the fuck out.

[Chorus: KRS-One]

Warner, Elektra, Atlantic equals WEA
Instead of fighting them why don't you go free Mumia
[x2]

[Verse 2: Tuffy, KRS, Hakim]

Wild recital, I kicks the vital, like the _Final
Call_ as I watch, Babylon fall
I had to Rush Limbaugh, get that pig with an axe
Tuffy dips to the side, buckin cannons that's phat
Because he censors the uses of the metaphor
You can get the dick bum up
Because it's you that brings the, real horrorcore
Expenditures forgettin, gut from the poor

Why sure! Back before we were born they sold us out
Yeah J. Jackson we know what you about
Back when you were running for the presidency and competeting
All rap was dope and u love every beat and but you took the beating
You was using us then like you're using us now in the urban nation league
I don't know how you figure the stop the violence movement gave you \$600, 000 NIGGA
And now u quicker to diss and get with miss Tucker you better find another you sell out
Mutha fucka's

Hate to be so rough, it could be the White Owls
House niggaz are full of shit, like my Colin Powell
Kickin vowels, is how we relieve the tension
Until we start to bounce white people like suspension (revolution)
You paint the pictures, the black man on the corner
But tell me, who blew up Oklahoma?
The City, ain't no pity, for the beast
It's Hakim that voice from the East

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: KRS, Hakim, Tuffy]

Buck buck! Buck buck buck!
It sound like gunshots but it could be the cluck
Of a chicken, definition, is what you're missin and
Listen to your children instead of dissin em
Senator Dole doesn't understand the young people
Like they be sayin want to, but we be sayin wanna
They gettin dumber every summer as they walk the rope
Maybe because they cannot understand the quotes

Word, in actuality, this Norman Bates mentality
Always seems to represent, minus three-sixty percent
For degrees full circle, dead from the purple
Rays of the sun I gots melanin so check it
Bag your nuts quick or get sick from being naked
Suspect it, was it a means for the end
For just a few to drive the Benz while you eat the pigskins
Turned you into mannequins, cause the trick of technology
A revelation, revalations
Sensation gives me inspiration of revolution
That's my solution, there will be no sequels
I'm audi hundred forty four thousand with my people

From Caligula to Hitler, now it's Schwarzenegger
A lust for the violence is the science of their behavior
Who enslaved ya (it's the Devil) but the God of virtuosity
And of the world created, could it be mental sodomy
Got my mind twisted like the blades of fonta leaf
I sit in disbelief as he crawls underneath
The rock cock back the glock, cause I don't trust
The Devil I rebel until Babylon is dust

[Chorus]

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